

Fall Into You by FrazzledSquidz

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Summary:

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1. Jonathan

Oh, Jonathan suddenly realized, feeling Steve's hot palm on the nape of his neck.

"Hey, Byers," the other boy greeted easily, slipping behind him in the darkroom to give Nancy a quick peck.

Jonathan glanced over at him, wondering just when he'd started to trust Steve Harrington. They'd all (him, Steve, and Nancy) been hanging out since... everything. And Jonathan supposed you could call him and Steve friends, but how did he slip past his defenses so easily? He'd heard the darkroom door open and hadn't even worried about who it might be, and then he'd felt the hand on his neck and knew it was Steve and knew he didn't have to worry about anything. How strange.

Jonathan tried to shake the vaguely worrying feeling that had settled across his shoulders and focused on fishing the newest print from its chemical bath to hang and dry.

"Did you eat already?" Jonathan heard Nancy ask Steve quietly.

"Yeah. I actually ate my lunch this morning I was so hungry."

Jonathan could hear the wry humor in Steve's voice and knew exactly what kind of smirk he was sporting right now. "You can have mine," he muttered, staring through the enlarger at another print. It was one of his mom and Will, on a good day.

"What?" Steve immediately protested. "I'm not eating your lunch!"

Jonathan glanced over at him, lifting one shoulder in a shrug. "Neither am I."

Nancy grinned, and quickly brought her hand up to cover her mouth, as she was mid-chew.

Steve rolled his eyes, but a smile was tugging on the right side of his lips traitorously. "You think you're so smart."

“Nancy’s the smart one here,” Jonathan shot back, affecting a flat tone.

“Yeah!” Nancy agreed immediately, gently smacking Steve’s shoulder.

“I never said you weren’t! But okay, you’re the smart one, I’m the hot one, what does that make Byers?”

Jonathan felt a blush tickle the sides of his nose. “Still the one not eating his lunch,” he quickly interjected. He didn’t actually want to know what he was in this little trio, other than the third wheel. (Though they’d rarely made him feel that way.)

“Alright, alright.” Steve sighed dramatically, throwing his hands up. “I’ll eat your lunch, man. Take one for the team,” he joked, grabbing Johnathan’s brown sack lunch off the table Nancy was sitting on.

Nancy smiled kindly at Jonathan, who quickly refocused on developing his prints. Somehow, this had become one of their routines, eating lunch together in the darkroom. It had started with Jonathan refusing to eat lunch with Nancy and Steve in the cafeteria. Not because he didn’t like them, as they had wondered, but because his social anxiety had been bad enough before he became The Freaky Brother of That Kid Who Came Back from the Dead. In some ways he was braver since that whole ordeal, but in most ways he was exactly the same as he’d always been.

He’d told the other two countless times that they didn’t have to hide out with him every day, until eventually Nancy point-blank asked, “Do you like it when we’re here?”

“Well- well yes, but-“

“Then that’s it.”

And that was it. And so were movie nights at Steve’s house on Fridays when his parents took off, and homework at Nancy’s when Jonathan brought Will over to hang out with Mike, and so were the random wanderings that overtook their restless teenage spirits on the weekends. And it was strange, but Jonathan liked it all. He liked

having friends.

“My place tonight?” Steve asked around a mouthful of tuna sandwich.

“Gross, babe,” Nancy admonished. “But yes, despite your manners.”

Steve hummed in amusement before swallowing. “Byers, your mom makes the most amazing sandwiches.”

Distracted, Jonathan blinked over at the other boy in confusion. “My mom-“ But his brain finally caught up and he cut himself off. “Uh, yeah, she does,” he quickly amended.

Those were things they didn’t talk about: Jonathan’s absent dad, the fact that he was basically running the house, that he never had extra money for snacks or movies, the fact that the Byers family still lived in the house where they had tortured a freaking monster. All the ways that he was starkly different from them, the ways that he was inferior. If he showed them, wouldn’t they leave? They were both so beautiful and had so much going for them. They had colleges and houses and babies in their future. Johnathan could barely see past the school year, what the summer might bring. If they would still even be friends.

Out in the hall, the bell rang for the end of lunch. Jonathan started taking the pictures he’d hung to dry down, stuffing them in a folder as Nancy hopped off the table and Steve shoved the rest of Jonathan’s sandwich in his face.

“Okay,” Nancy said hurriedly, “I’ll see you guys after school!” She had Chemistry on the opposite side of the building from the boys’ next classes.

“Bye Nance!” they called simultaneously as she flung herself out the door.

“Ugh, school should just end after lunch,” Steve lamented as they started down the hall.

“For you it often does.”

“Ha! You’re not wrong.”

Steve wasn’t a genius like Nancy, but he managed to pass all of his classes even while skipping them half the time. Jonathan could never do that; even when he studied he barely passed his math and science classes. The other subjects were easy for him, thankfully.

As they neared Steve’s Calculus class, he clapped Jonathan’s shoulder with a cheerful “See you later!” before disappearing inside.

Jonathan once again found himself wondering at the touch; the act itself, the reaction (or lack thereof) from him, and its frequency. That was the second time in the span of about twenty minutes. How often did Steve part with these small gestures of affection? And how had Jonathan never noticed before? As he made his way to his AP English class, he resolved to find out.

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Later that evening found the three friends in Steve’s living room, happily snacking on the takeout pizza Steve had ordered as they watched *Blade Runner*- one of Jonathan’s favorites.

“This movie is fucking weird,” Steve muttered, sliding off the couch to the floor and reaching for another slice of pizza, fixated on the screen despite his words.

“Just watch,” Jonathan replied quietly, completely enraptured. But not enough that he missed Steve settling against his legs while still on the floor. Jonathan’s attention immediately fixated on the warm contact of his knees and feet against Steve’s back and butt. Did he realize what he was doing? How could he not? Did he mean to lean against Nancy’s legs instead? But a quick glance to the right showed the slender girl with her legs pulled up on the couch as she absently played with the bottom of her long skirt.

Jonathan looked back at the screen and desperately tried not to panic, or fidget, or even breathe. Despite their history, the two boys had become friends. (Steve liked to joke that Jonathan had beat some sense into him.) But that didn’t necessarily mean that Johnathan forgot all the times he (or anyone at school) had called him queer.

Because... they hadn't been wrong, exactly. Except Jonathan also felt funny, warm, embarrassing things about Nancy as well. And he honestly had no idea if this was a side effect of a platonic friendship or not. Or maybe he was just some kind of special freak, lusting after his two (only) friends because he was lonely and creepy and queer. He couldn't remember when the feelings had developed; they felt like they had always been there. But these were his friends and they already put up with him in everything else so he resolved never to show or do or act on anything. He couldn't ruin what they had. He couldn't go back to life without them now that he knew how superior life *with* them was.

And then, just as he was starting to marginally relax, Nancy leaned her body over to cuddle against his side and rest her head on his shoulder.

Before he even consciously knew what was happening, Jonathan was shaking himself free of them, stumbling over the arm of the couch, and retreating to the kitchen, his mind a blank slate of panic and confusion.

"Jonathan, wait!" He turned. Nancy had followed him, looking concerned and a little surprised. Steve hovered in the doorway, a safe distance away.

Jonathan crossed him arms tightly over his chest and opened his mouth, but the only thing that came out was a series of stuttered sounds.

"It's okay," Nancy said softly, slowly approaching him with her hands spread, like he was a frightened animal. (Wasn't he?) "I'm sorry, maybe we should have talked about this first." She held out a hand, offering Jonathan to take it.

He stared at it in blind confusion. What was happening? "Wh- what is this?"

"Jonathan," Nancy sighed softly, like it was a secret. "I like you. Like, romantically." Terrified, Jonathan's gaze jumped up to Steve's, who face was carefully blank. "Steve does too," she confided.

He reeled back, stepping into the stove behind him. Was this some kind of sick joke?

“It’s true, Byers,” Steve offered, slowly moving closer. “We’re happy together, but we’re happier with you. I know this seems crazy and we thought so at first, too, but that’s just how it is, you know?”

“If you don’t want us,” Nancy said slowly, her hand still reached out in front of her, “that’s okay. I know it’s weird. But we really do want you. And... I think you want us back.”

“I need to...” Jonathan trailed off, sliding to sit on the floor with his knees up protectively in front of him. He felt like he was going to shake apart. “Please... please don’t mess with me like this.”

“Oh Jonathan,” Nancy sighed, kneeling on the floor a safe distance away from him. “We would never do that to you. Again, I know this is crazy and weird and scary, but we’re being honest with you.”

“We really are,” Steve offered quietly, sitting cross-legged by Nancy. “I think about kissing you all the time, you know?”

Jonathan gaped at him, breath stuttering in his throat. Steve Harrington thought about kissing *him*? “Shit. I’ve gone crazy,” he declared, letting his head fall back against the oven door.

“Who hasn’t after that monster business?” Steve shrugged, looking terribly unconcerned about the whole situation. But that was Steve: eternally sure of himself whether facing monsters or walking through a high school.

“Again, if you want, we can forget this conversation ever happened,” Nancy reassured him. “But, if you don’t want to forget...”

Jonathan looked at them. They were both so beautiful, looking at him expectantly, like what he thought mattered, like *he* mattered. “Can I think about it?” he asked tentatively.

Nancy immediately smiled and nodded, but Steve shook his head decisively. “Nope.”

“Steve!” Nancy frowned over at him.

“No,” he repeated, looking steadily at Jonathan. “Because I know you, Byers. I know you’re going to work yourself into fits about this and talk yourself out of it and be your usual self-deprecating self and wonder if we’re too good for you. Well we’re not better than you and we do like you and want to be with you.”

While Jonathan stared at him, desperately trying to get his brain to work, Steve knelt up and started crawling towards him.

“Jonathan Byers. Unless you tell me ‘no’ right now, I am going to kiss you. Because I’ve wanted to ever since you kicked my ass.”

Jonathan’s heart rate kicked up into his throat and he quickly glanced at Nancy, but she was just looking patient and thoughtful. And then Steve’s hands were on Jonathan’s knees and Johnathan looked up at him desperately because god yes did he want Steve Harrington to kiss him. He swallowed nervously as Steve paused, studying his face. He must have liked what he saw, because suddenly he was grinning and leaning closer and god he was even prettier up-close and he smelled so good and his eyes were closing and then he was kissing Jonathan.

Jonathan inhaled sharply through his nose as his arms finally uncrossed and fell to his sides. Steve pulled back and looked at him carefully. “Was that okay?”

Dumbly, Jonathan nodded and let his knees fall open, encouraging Steve closer. “Please...” he murmured.

He wasn’t exactly sure what he was asking for (*just more*) but Steve apparently knew because he grinned as bright as the sun and leaned in again, this time unhampered by Jonathan’s knees. Jonathan inhaled a shuddering gasp as Steve licked at his lips (god he hoped his breath didn’t stink) and hooked his hands under Jonathan’s knees, gently pulling him closer. Steve tilted his head and seemed to be trying to crawl into Jonathan, his tongue was so deep in his mouth. Oh if he’d known kissing felt like this he would have been trying a lot harder way sooner. Or maybe it was just Steve?

Jonathan felt like there was a fire inside of him, but it didn’t burn; just warmed him to his very core. It dimmed as Steve suddenly pulled

away, breathing out a “wow” as he fell back on his butt dramatically. “Damn. Okay Nance, your turn.”

Jonathan’s gaze shot up to the girl, who was blushing and looked delighted. Mimicking Steve, she crawled over to Jonathan and deftly swung herself over to straddle his lap, settling delicately. “All right?” she asked, grinning.

Jonathan quickly nodded, hands coming up to gently bracket her hips. Nancy tucked her hair behind her ears, cupped his face so tenderly he wanted to cry, and pressed her lips to his. Jonathan’s head was reeling. He’d wanted Nancy for so long, and then Steve, and now they had both kissed him and weren’t laughing at him or running away as fast as they could.

He parted his lips as he felt Nancy’s mouth open and then their tongues were pushing against each other and everything was perfect. At some point Steve came up alongside Jonathan and he switched from Nancy to Steve. And then Steve and Nancy made out for a while. And they just sat there on the kitchen floor swapping kisses and gentle touches until Jonathan’s entire body was tingling from both arousal and from having sat on the floor for so long.

Nancy broke their kiss and leaned her forehead against Jonathan’s, her breath panting over his swollen lips. “God that’s...”

“Really hot?” Steve smirked, leaning back against the over and running a hand through his hair. “Jonathan?”

He nodded shakily as Nancy sat back against his knees. “I think I can die happy now.”

“Just wait for the sex!” Steve enthused, laughing as Jonathan went bright red and Nancy smacked his shoulder.

2. Nancy

Nancy sat on one end of the couch, her back to its arm and her legs thrown across the laps of Jonathan and Steve. *Her boys.* The phrase made her heart glow.

Steve was absently rubbing her socked feet, transfixed once again by *Blade Runner*, while Jonathan sat between them looking both dazed and slightly terrified. Nancy reached out and touched gentle fingers to Jonathan's arm, smiling when he glanced at her. She held her hand up and he, looking painfully relieved, laced his fingers through hers and smiled in return. She pretended to focus on the movie again, to encourage Jonathan to do the same, as she absently stroked the thin skin on the back of his hand.

She was so greedy. One boyfriend wasn't enough, she needed two? But she had lived her whole life perfectly up until this semester: good grades, stable people, all the right choices, and Barb had still been killed by some monster. All her friend's hopes and dreams and struggles and triumphs were all gone. Barb had never even kissed someone, as far as Nancy knew.

That's why Nancy wanted to live as much as she could, because her best friend would never be able to.

She still wanted to get good grades and get into an amazing college, but she also wanted to travel and dance and meet lots of people and, yes, have two boyfriends at the same time. *So many things I would want to share with you*, she thought sadly. Sometimes she still found herself mentally composing the story of her day for Barb, for the next time they met up. Or she'd see a shirt or a book and think that Barb would like it... except she was gone. And they didn't even have a body to bury. No closure.

Nancy forced herself to stuff her dark thoughts into a box, which she then stashed in the back of her mind until the next time she felt lonely and sad and helpless. For now it was a nice evening with two of her favorite people and a movie that she honestly hadn't been paying attention to at all.

She brought Jonathan's hand up and softly kissed the back of it, grinning when he looked at her in surprise. He gave her a small smile and it looked so helpless it made her heart ache. He looked like he had just survived a storm- the tornado of crazy that she and Steve had brought into his life. But he also looked... happier. More relaxed. He always looked like he was carrying the world on his shoulders, but now maybe he could share the burden with her and Steve, if only to make his life that much easier.

Nancy had, frankly, been shocked when Steve suggested their mutual pursuit of Jonathan. But Steve had always just gone for what he wanted and damned the consequences. Dating two people at once was something Nancy had never thought of before, but once she started she couldn't stop. She did like Jonathan and he obviously cared for her and Steve (though maybe the latter more reluctantly). Wouldn't it be the same as what they were already doing? Only with more kissing and touching? But how did sex work with three people?

She found herself blushing as she imagined Steve and Jonathan together before she quickly pushed it away. There would be plenty of time for that later.

Nancy glanced at Steve on the other side of Jonathan. He had a distinctly smug air about him, but he deserved it. Once again he had rushed into something and it had all worked out for him.

Except that wasn't exactly true, was it? Steve had spent a lot of time thinking about the possibility, presenting it to Nancy, and then casually showing Jonathan that their friendship was real and that they weren't going anywhere. Steve had *known* that eventually Jonathan would let his guard down around them and then it would be the perfect time to approach him. If he had trouble accepting their friendship, how could they possibly throw an entire relationship at him?

My little genius, Nancy mused fondly. He pretended to be so bad and so tough (and, okay, he was) but he was also so great at *people*, at understanding them. That was why he'd been such an effective bully; he knew exactly where to strike to inflict the most damage. He had broken Jonathan's camera because he'd known that it would break the other boy, that there would be no retaliation because the horrible

deed was done and there was no going back. But then he'd also known what to say to incite Jonathan to a fight; he had known the exact words and people to target to make him explode in a blind rage. But that was also why he was such a good friend and boyfriend. He knew what to do, what to say, how to endear himself to people, how to break tension or amp it up just the right amount. And now Nancy was thinking about sex again.

She found her attention jolted to the screen as the credits started rolling and Steve sighed loudly.

"Holy shit. That might be my new favorite movie."

Jonathan opened his mouth, paused, but then pushed on anyway.
"Even better than *Footloose*?"

Nancy giggled and Steve turned to glare at Jonathan playfully. "How dare you! *Footloose* is a masterpiece!"

"I don't understand how you can like both *Footloose* and *Blade Runner*. They're completely different movies."

"You're just pretentious. I'm a very flexible guy, in all meanings of the word."

Nancy blinked at the image that brought to mind and found herself blushing again. She was turning into quite the pervert. But Jonathan also looked a little flustered. And of course Steve noticed both their reactions with a slow smirk.

"So what's next?" Nancy hurriedly asked. Not that she wasn't *dying* to figure out all the fun they could have together, but she also didn't want Jonathan to bolt. He'd been through enough tonight already.

"My dad has some records," Steve suggested with an easy shrug.

"Oh now that I have got to see," Jonathan declared.

Which was how Nancy found herself sitting on the floor, Steve's head in her lap, and her fingers in his thick hair while he and Johnathan cheerfully argued about music. They took turns playing songs and demanding that Nancy pick a favorite, then acting outraged when she

said that she liked them all equally. The carpeted floor was slowly becoming covered in records and sleeves, both Jonathan and Steve looked so alive and so happy, and Nancy felt young and free in the best way. She couldn't help but notice that Jonathan wasn't taking any pictures, hopefully because he was having so much fun he'd simply forgotten.

I'm so happy with them, she thought to the ghost of Barb who now resided in her mind. I don't know if you would've liked it, but I wish you were here all the same. Nancy couldn't wait to see what the future held for them.

Notes for the Chapter:

So as I was writing this it definitely took a smuttier turn, lol. I'll probably post that as a PWP follow-up- just to honor the original rating I gave this story. (Do people still care about those things?)

Thank you for reading! :)

3. Steve

It had all started with Nancy. (Hadn't everything?) She was supposed to be something easy and fun to take his mind off of things. But then she was so kind, and so smart, and didn't take any of his shit, and he loved when she smiled at him but also when she teased him.

And then he thought he'd lost her to that creep Byers of all people, the very guy he'd caught being a Peeping Tom. His hurt and his rage had been indescribable. He knew he didn't deserve Nancy, but to lose her to *Jonathan Byers*?

So Steve lashed out- something he was really good at. He was in pain and needed to get rid of some of it. And it had worked, so then he lashed out at Byers as well. What had Byers ever done to deserve Nancy? Why had she chosen him over Steve? Why hadn't she even tried with him? *It wasn't fair.*

Steve now liked to say that Jonathan had beat some sense into him that day. Because afterwards all he could see was how Tommy and Carol were such assholes and he felt like he was the one who should've been arrested. He had instigated the whole thing, had provoked Byers with words he knew would cut him to the core. It wasn't Byers' fault.

He wanted to make things better. He wanted to *be* better than this, than some thug that bullied defenseless guys like Jonathan Byers and lost amazing girls like Nancy Wheeler.

And then- what the *fuck*- monsters were real and That Whole Thing happened.

He had Nancy had talked afterwards (turned out that helping kill a monster with a mouth for a face was a great way to show someone that you cared and were sorry for being a dick) and he had bought Byers a new camera and things went back to normal.

Except that they totally didn't.

School was a new kind of nightmare (with Tommy and Carol being

their usual charming selves) and Byers was hiding from him (which he understood, he did), and Nancy was the only thing to look forward to every day. But she was also traumatized from their supernatural fight and the loss of Barb. And Steve couldn't really understand those things even though he wanted to (for her).

So he'd tracked down Byers and essentially demanded that he hang out with them. "Nancy needs you. You're the only one who knows the hell she's been through. Also I think you need her, too."

Jonathan had frowned deeply at him. "I don't need anyone."

Steve had run his hands through his hair in frustration. Why couldn't anything be easy? "Look, man, it's okay. I get it. I know you hate my guts and I don't blame you. But this isn't about me, this is about her. I thought I didn't need anyone either, but with Nance... it's like I didn't even know I felt alone until I looked at her, you know? Until she showed me what it could be like."

Jonathan had continued to frown at him throughout his little speech, but Steve swore he saw a hint of recognition in his face. He knew the feeling Steve was talking about, he was sure of it.

"Look." He'd spread his hands in a gesture of harmlessness. "We're gonna come by the darkroom tomorrow during lunch, okay? I know you hang out in there at that time, so you better be around." And when Jonathan hadn't said anything, Steve had turned and left.

He knew that getting Byers and Nancy to talk to each other would be good. What he hadn't expected was actually *liking* the guy. Byers was such a pretentious ass about music and movies, but he was fun to argue with and had this sassy wit that always caught Steve off-guard. He loved it when Nancy put him in his place with a few well-chosen words. Turned out he loved it when Jonathan did, too.

When he started catching the looks on their faces when they thought no one was looking, Steve began to brainstorm. He'd always been action-oriented and driven to find simple solutions. He chased what he wanted. He wanted to smoke and drink, so he did. He'd wanted to change his life, so he'd gone out and done just that. He'd wanted Nancy and had gone for her and had gotten her. And now he wanted

all of it: Nancy and Byers and him.

Did that make him queer? Who cared, if he got to be with them? Why deny something that made him happy? He allowed himself to start fantasizing about Byers- how he would taste if they kissed and how his slender body would feel under Steve's fingers. When he felt a familiar thrilling tug below his navel, he knew.

Now to convince the others.

Nancy had been very open to the idea, after she'd had a day to think it over and make sure Steve wasn't messing with her. She'd been more... outgoing since everything. Steve wasn't complaining, though he was keeping an eye on her to make sure it wouldn't go too far. But a little impulsiveness never hurt anyone (okay, not fatally) and she seemed happy, which was all that Steve ever wanted.

Jonathan, they both knew, would take more convincing. He still watched them like they were about to disappear, or start harassing him for thinking they were truly his friends. He didn't quite trust them, which Steve understood (especially in his case), but god how he *wanted*. Once he had started entertaining the notion of the three of them together it was all he could think about.

It was time to test the waters. He started casually touching Jonathan at every opportunity. For the first two weeks or so he'd flinched horribly every time (which just made Steve feel like the world's biggest asshole) but then Nancy had also picked up the habit and he'd eventually relaxed. He never initiated or returned contact, but Steve knew he had some kind of crazy anxiety about people, so he didn't take it personally.

Then, seemingly out of nowhere, Jonathan started to *tease* him. Without Steve deliberately provoking him. He knew he was in.

The thing that killed him, though, was how Jonathan never opened up completely. Steve knew that he took care of his mom and little brother, that they didn't have a lot of money, and that Jonathan was often ashamed of this. Sometimes Steve caught him looking at him and Nancy like they had hung the damn stars. He obviously had shitty self-esteem and Steve was dying to show him just how much

they liked him, how much they needed him. How the three of them had a perfect balance that couldn't be found elsewhere.

When it was the three of them, everything felt right and all the other bullshit faded away. They were so *easy*. Steve wished he could freeze them all in this moment, somehow. In a snow globe or photograph or something; this relaxed happiness that took hold of them when they were all together.

Byers was the heart of it all; the subtle glow of an ember that had the possibility of bursting into flame. Nancy was obviously the brains of the situation, always looking five steps ahead and smoothing the way for the rest of them with grace and ease. Steve wasn't sure what he brought to the group beyond looks and extroversion, but as long as they wanted him he would be around. It was as simple as that.

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Nancy slid into the passenger seat of his car after school and they exchanged a quick kiss. There wasn't much he didn't love about Nancy Wheeler, but her kisses were probably top of the list. She always kissed him like she needed him, but they both knew that she didn't. She just cared about him and wanted him to feel good. She really was the most amazing person, too amazing to be selfishly hoarded by him.

"Let's do it tonight," Steve declared. "During *Blade Running* or whatever."

Nancy blinked in momentary confusion before smiling. "Jonathan?"

He nodded. "I have a good feeling."

"You're just impatient," she laughed as she sat back and buckled her seatbelt. "But I agree. Listen; if he's not ready for this, we still need to be his friend, okay? We can't let this change anything."

"Babe." Steve grinned, starting up his car. "I'm hoping this changes everything."

Notes for the Chapter:

*Lean back to my arms
Stay close just stay calm
I'm scared just like you
I wanna fall into you*

Thank you so much for reading! :)